

## Townes Van Zandt "Billy, Boney & Ma"

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By townes van zandt

Well, billy went down to the battleground  
To find a little trinket he could call his own  
Didn't see nothin' lying around  
He decided he'd dig awhile  
Well he dug her up and he dug her down  
'fore too long he found some bones  
Poor little billy couldn't make a sound  
When the bones sat up and smiled  
Oh billy you seem like a fine young man  
No reason to be a tremblin' soul  
Come over here and shake my hand  
Make my proud acquaintance  
Well billy he was stunned he could hardly stand  
Whether he could move he didn't know  
But he knew he had to formulate some kinda plan  
Or try the boneman's patience  
The first thing he wanted to do was breathe  
So he gulped in some of that battleground air  
Next thing he wanted to do was leave  
But billy wasn't raised up rude  
Well the boneman grunted and he gave a heave  
All of a sudden he was loomin' there  
Shakin off dirt and actin pleased  
Things didn't look too good  
Well billy decided what the hell  
You don't meet a boneman every day  
A little bit skinny but you never can tell  
He might be a pretty good guy  
Well they started off with the old soft sell  
'fore too long they were jawin' away  
By the time the darkness fell  
They were seein' socket to eye  
They decided right then on a life of crime  
With the boneman's looks and billy's brains  
They could scare old scrooge out of his last dime  
Might as well have a go  
Billy he would picked the place and time  
From the corner store to the railroad train  
Boney'd flash him a smile sublime  
And billy he'd grab the dough

They decided they might as well start right then  
Time's awastin' so they say  
They headed for the park  
Where the lights are dim  
And only the foolish tread  
He was whistlin' a tune  
When they spotted him strollin' along  
So plump and gay  
Boney gave him a great big grin  
And billy snagged his bread  
Next come a lady of the night  
Boney saddled up and said hello  
Gave the poor thing such a terrible fright  
She fainted dead away  
Billy lifted her purse and her earrings bright  
Diamond rings and watch you know  
Couldn't figure out try as they might  
Why they'd ever worked a single day  
Billy's plans ended up in ruin you know  
They were workin' a quaint little neighborhood  
Spied an old lady about eighty or so  
Almost looked too easy  
Boney put on a pretty good show  
The little ol' lady didn't see too good  
My kind sir your all bones you know  
You need something hot and greasy  
Grabbed ol' boney drug him inside  
Billy peeked in through the window sill  
She fed him boiled and baked and fried  
Ol' boney he's chewin like crazy  
He gobbled up everything he tried  
Pounds added on like you know they will  
Billy laid down in the dirt and cried  
Watchin boney gettin fat and lazy  
Well billy's back workin his job by day  
Sleep'n nights it ain't so bad  
Never liked stealin anyway  
Kinda gives a guy the willies  
Boney and ma got a new cafe  
Best baked beans you ever had  
Ma's expecting any day  
And they say they're gonna name him billy

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